



COPYRIGHT 1904 BY
H. C. GUTHRIE & CO. NEW YORK.

CURLY LOCKS! CURLY LOCKS! WILT THOU BE MINE.
 Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed
 the swine;
 But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
 And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream!

MOLLIE, my sister, and I fell out
 And what do you think it was about?
 She loved coffee, and I loved tea,
 And that was the reason we couldn't agree.

LONG legs, crooked thighs,
 Little head, and no eyes.
 (A PAIR OF TONGS)



THREE blind mice, see
 how they run!
 They all ran after the
 farmer's wife,
 Who cut off their tails
 with the
 carving-knife.
 Did you ever see
 such fools
 in your life?
 Three blind mice!

A DILLAR,
A dollar,
A ten o'clock

scholar;
What makes you
come so soon?

You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon!

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! Quack!"





ONE, two, three, four, five,
I caught a fish alive ;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I let it go again.



CROSS PATCH,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;

Take a cup
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in.

HARK! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars have come to town;
Some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

PITTY Patty Polt,
Shoe the wild colt:
Here a nail,
And there a nail,
Pitty Patty Polt.

MY story's ended,
My spoon is bended;
If you don't like it,
Go to the next door
And get it mended.



THE cock doth crow,
To let you know,
If you be well,
'Tis time to rise.

HICKETY, pickety,
my black hen,
She lays good
eggs for
gentlemen;
Gentlemen come
every day
To see what my
black hen
doth lay.

INTERY, mintery, cutery corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wine, brier, limber, lock,
Three geese in a flock;
One flew East, one flew West,
And one flew over the goose's nest.

THERE was an owl
lived in an oak;
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And every word he ever
spoke,
Was fiddle, faddle,
feedle.

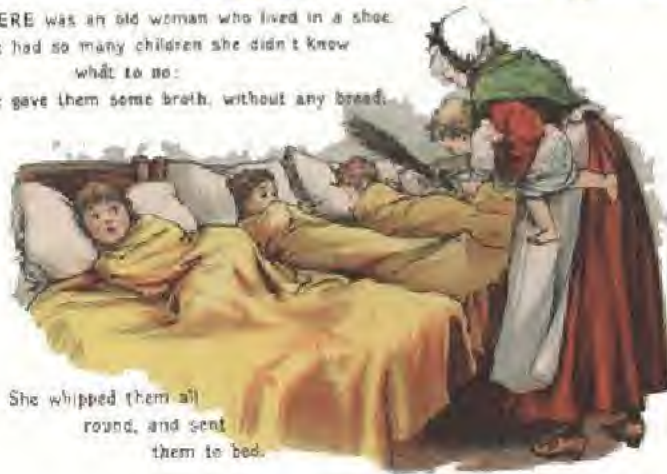
A gunner chanced to
come that way;
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
Said he, "I'll shoot you,
silly bird,"
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.



BIRDS of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.



THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe.
 She had so many children she didn't know
 what to do:
 She gave them some broth, without any bread.



She whipped them all
 round, and sent
 them to bed.



HANDY SPANDY, Jack a-dandy,
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop
And out he came, hop-hop-hop.

THE sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rocked the cradle,
The dish jumped up on the table,
To see the pot swallow the ladle.
The spit that stood behind the door,
Threw the pudding-stick on the floor.
"Odsplut!" said the gridiron,
"Can't you agree?
I'm the head constable,
Bring them to me."



WHEN good King Arthur ruled his
land,

He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks
of barley meal,
To make a bag-
pudding.

A bag-pudding, the
king did make,
And stuffed it well
with plums,
And in it put great
lumps of fat,
As big as my two
thumbs.

The king and queen did eat
thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not
eat that night,
The queen next
morning fried.



THE lion and the
unicorn
Were fighting for
the crown;
The lion beat the
unicorn
All round about
the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.

AS I was going along, long, long,
A-singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
And the song that I sung was so long, long, long,
And so I went singing along.



RIDE a cock-horse to Shrewsbury cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse.
It trots behind, and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride --- till he can ride no more.



LITTLE BOY BLUE



LITTLE BOY BLUE COME BLOW YOUR HORN.

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's
in the corn!

"Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?"

"He's under the hay-cock, fast asleep!"

"Will you wake him?" "No, not I;

For if I do, he'll be sure to cry."

LITTLE JACK JINGLE.

He used to live single;
But when he got tired of
this kind of life,
He left off being single, and
lived with his wife.

I LIKE little Pussy,

Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play.



THE man in the moon
Came down too soon,
To ask the way to Norwich.
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold
pease porridge. ☆

LITTLE Robin Redbreast
sat upon a tree;
Up went the Pussy Cat,
and down went he;
Down came Pussy
Cat, away Robin
ran,—
Said little Robin Redbreast,
“Catch me if you can!”

Little Robin Redbreast jumped
upon a wall;
Pussy Cat jumped after him, and got a little fall.
Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy cat said, “Mew. mew, mew!” and Robin
flew away.

NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins.
When a man marries, his trouble begins.





DOCTOR FAUSTUS was a good man,
He whipped his scholars now and then;
When he whipped them, he made
them dance

Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipped them
back again.



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddle-stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddle-stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

THE man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grow in the sea?
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grow in the wood.

ROWLEY POWLEY, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls began to cry,
Rowley Powley ran away.

LITTLE JACK-A-DANDY
Wanted sugar candy,
And fairly for it cried;
But little Billy Cook,
Who always reads his book,
Shall have a horse
to ride.



TOM, TOM, the
piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away
he run.
The pig was eat, and
Tom was beat,
And he ran crying
down the street.



THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in—
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.

You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none;
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

HIGHER than a house, higher than a tree,
Oh, whatever can that be?

(A STAR.)



"TO make your candles last forever,
You wives and maids give ear-o!
To put them out's the only way,"
Says honest JOHN BOLDERO.



CUSHY cow bonny, come let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk;
A gown of silk, and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.



"PUSSY-CAT, Pussy-cat,
where have you been?"

"I've been to London, to see
the Queen!"

"Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what
did you there?"

"I frightened a little mouse
under the chair!"

TO market, to market, a
gallop, a trot,
To buy some meat to put
in the pot;
Five cents a quarter, ten
cents a side,
If it hadn't been killed, it
must have died.

LITTLE Johnny Pringle had a little Pig,
It was very little, so was not very big.
As it was playing beneath the shed,
In half a minute poor Piggy was dead.
So Johnny Pringle he sat down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she lay down and died.
There is the history of one, two, three,
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and Piggy Wiggie.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook,
And saw a little duck,
And shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire to make, make, make,
To roast the little
duck
He had shot in the
brook,
And he'd go and fetch the
drake, drake, drake.



THERE was an old
man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice,
gruel, and sago,
Till, much to his
bliss,
His physician said
this,
"To a leg, sir, of mut-
ton you may go."



"FATHER may I go to war?"
"Yes, you may, my son,

Wear your woolen comforter,
But don't fire off your gun."



LITTLE JACK HORNER

LITTLE JACK HORNER SAT IN A CORNER.
Eating a Christmas pie:
He put in his thumb,
And took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

RIDE a cock horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman upon a white horse:
With rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes!



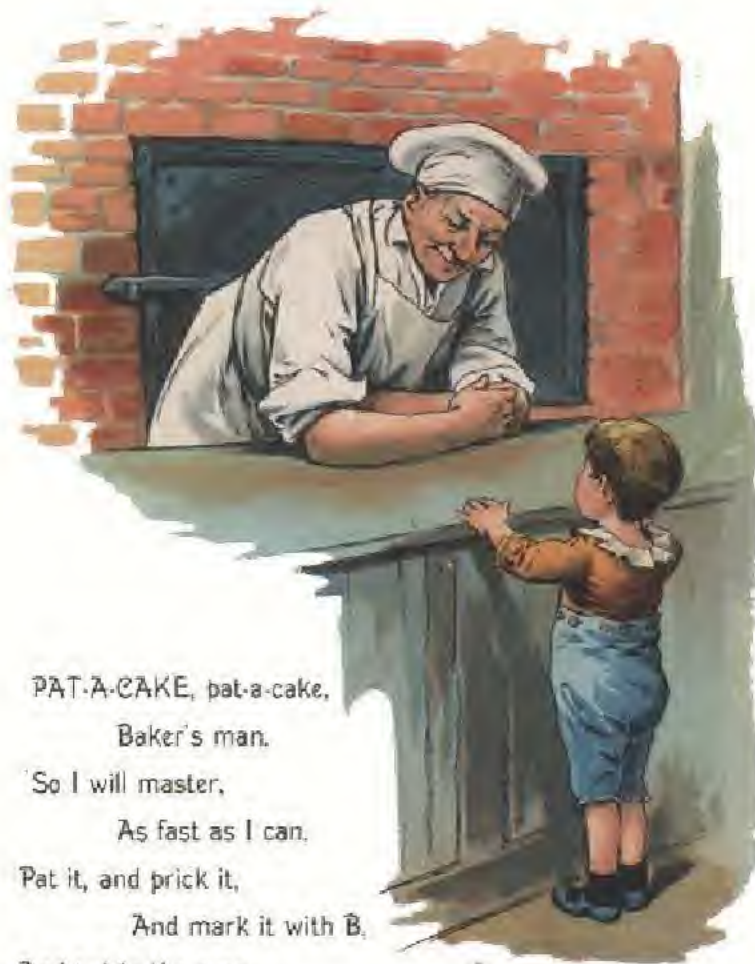
GOOSEY, Goosey, Gander,
where shall I wander?
Up stairs, down stairs, and
in my lady's chamber;
There I met an old
man that would
not say his
prayers;
I took him by the
left leg, and
threw him
down stairs!

TAFFY was a Welshman, Taffy
was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and
stole a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy
wasn't home;
Taffy came to my house and
stole a marrow-bone;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy
was in bed,
I took the marrow-bone and
beat about his head.



LADY BUG, lady bug, fly
away home;
Your house is on fire, your
children all gone,
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the frying-pan.

LITTLE Tommy Grace had a pain in his face,
So bad he could not learn a letter;
When in came Dicky Long, singing such a funny
song,
That Tommy laughed, and found his face much
better.



PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake,
Baker's man.
So I will master,
As fast as I can.
Pat it, and prick it,
And mark it with B,
And put in the oven
For Baby and me.



"OLD woman, old woman, shall we go a shearing?"

"Speak a little louder, sir, I'm very thick of hearing."

"Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you dearly?"

"Thank you, kind sir, I hear you very clearly!"



THERE was a man
in our town.
And he was won-
drous wise;
He jumped into a
bramble bush,
And scratched
out both
his eyes.

And when he saw
his eyes were out,
With all his might and
main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

IF a man who turnips cries
Cries not when his father dies,
It is a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip than his father.

SNAIL, Snail, come cut of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you black as a coal.
Snail, Snail, put out your head,
Or else I'll beat you till you're dead.

THE girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain
Cried "Gobble, gobble, gobble!"
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

WHAT care I how black I be,
Twenty pounds will
marry me:
If twenty won't, forty shall—
I am my mother's bouncing girl!

TWELVE pairs hanging high.
Twelve knights riding by—
Each took a pear,
And yet left twelve there.

MISS JANE had a bag,
and a mouse was in it;
She opened the bag, he
was out in a minute.
The cat saw him jump
and run under
the table,
And the dog said,
"Catch him, puss, soon
as you're able.





BARBER, Barber, shave a pig: "Four and twenty, that's enough!"
How many hairs will make a wig? Give the poor Barber a pinch of snuff.



THERE was a little man, and he had a little gun
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He shot Johnny Sprig through the middle of his wig,
And knocked it right off his head, head, head.



TWEEDLE-DUM and
Tweedle-dee
Resolved to have a
battle,
For Tweedle-dum said
Tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice
new rattle.
Just then flew by a
monstrous crow,
As big as a tar
barrel,
Which frightened both
the heroes so,
They quite forgot their
quarrel.

"MILKMAN, milkman, where have you been?"
"In Buttermilk Channel, up to my chin;
I spilt my milk, and spoiled my clothes,
And got a long icicle hung to my nose!"

JOHNNY Armstrong killed a calf;
Peter Henderson got the half;
Willy Wilkinson got the head;
Ring the bell, the calf is dead!

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman; mother's a queen;
Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

I HAD a little pony;
His name was Dapple-gray:
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she lashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony
now
For all the lady's hire.

THERE was an
old woman
lived under
the hill,
And if she's not
gone, she lives
there still.
Baked apples she sold, and
cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman that
never told lies!





IF I had a mule, sir, and he wouldn't start,
Do you think I'd harness him up to a cart?

No, no; I'd give him oats and hay,
And let him stay there all the day.



JACK SPRAT AND HIS WIFE

JACK SPRAT COULD EAT NO FAT.
His wife could eat no lean,
And so between them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

THE rose is red, the violet's blue,
The gillyflower's sweet, and so are you;
These are the words you bade me say
For a pair of new gloves on Easter-day.

LITTLE Jack Dandy-prat was my first suitor;
He'd a dish and a spoon,
and he'd some pewter;
He'd linen and woolen,
and woolen and
linen;
A little pig in a
string cost
him five
shilling.



BAT, BAT, come
under my hat,
And I'll give
you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake, I'll give
you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.



ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window,
To say "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew!



THERE was a Piper had a cow,
And he had naught to give her;
He pulled out his pipes and played her a tune,
And bade the cow consider.

The cow considered very well,
And gave the Piper a penny,
And bade him play the other tune,
"Corn rigs are bonny."



AS Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
"To morrow will be Monday."

CLAP HANDS!

Clap hands!

Till Papa

comes home;

For Papa has money,

But Mamma

has none.



POOR old Robinson Crusoe !
Poor old Robinson Crusoe !
They made him a coat of an old Nanny Goat ;
I wonder how they could do so !
With a ring-a-ting tang,
And a ring-a-ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe !

A CARRION CROW sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his coat ;
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.



" Wife, bring me my old bent
bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de
riddle, he ding, do,
That I may shoot yon
carrion crow."
Sing he, sing ho,
the old
carrion crow,
Fol de riddle,
lol de riddle,
he ding do.

The tailor shot,
 and he
 missed
 his mark,
 Fol de riddle,
 lol de riddle,
 he ding do,
 And shot the
 miller's sow
 right through
 the heart;
 Sing he, sing ho,
 the old carrion crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de
 riddle, he ding do.



"Wife! O wife! bring brandy in
 a spoon,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
 For the old miller's sow is in a swoon."
 Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

AS round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
 And all the king's horses can't pull it up.

(A WELL.)



ELIZABETH, Eliza, Betsy, and Bess,
All went together to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in it,
They all took one, and left four in it.



MULTIPLICATION is vexation;
 Division is as bad;
 The Rule of Three perplexes me,
 And Fractions drive me mad!

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men,
 They lay in bed till the clock struck ten;
 Then upstarts Robin, and looks in the sky,
 "Oh, brother Richard, the sun's very high!
 You go on with the bottle and bag,
 And I'll come after with jolly Jack Nag."



THERE was a man, and his name was Dob,
And he had a wife, and her name was Mob,
And he had a dog, and he called it Cob,
And she had a cat, called Chitterabob.

PUSSY Cat Mole,
Jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.
Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk,
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.



I HAD a little hen, the pretti-
est ever seen ;
She washed up the dishes, and
kept the house clean ;
She went to the mill,
to fetch
me some flour ;
She brought it home
in less
than an hour ;
She baked me my
bread ; she
brewed me my ale ;
She sat by the fire,
and told many a fine tale.



THE North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin
do then?

He will hop to a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head
under his wing,
Poor thing!

ONE, TWO, THREE,
How good you be;
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.

DIDDLEDY, diddledy, dumpty;
The cat ran up the plum-tree.
I'll lay you a crown
I'll fetch you down;
So diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.

A-MILKING, a-milking, my maid,
"Cow, take care of your heels," she said;
"And you shall have some nice new hay,
If you'll quietly let me milk away."



To market, to market, to buy a fat pig;
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.

To market, to market, to buy a fat hog;
Home again, home again, jiggety jog.

JACK and JILL WENT UP THE HILL,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

I HAVE a little sister, they call her Peep, Peep;
She wades the water, deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains, high, high, high—
Poor little thing! she
has but one eye.

(A STAR.)



A LITTLE BOY and
a little girl
Lived in an alley,
Said the little boy to the
little girl,
"Shall I? Oh, shall I?"
Said the little girl to the
little boy,
"What will you do?"
Said the little boy to the
little girl,
"I will kiss you!"

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Runs through the town,
Up stairs and down stairs,
In his nightgown;
Tapping at the window,
Crying through the lock,
'Are the babies in their beds?
It's past ten o'clock!'

AS I was going to
St. Ives,

I met a man with
seven wives,
Every wife had
seven sacks,
Every sack had
seven cats,
Every cat had
seven kits,—
Kits, cats, sacks,
and wives,

How many were there going to St. Ives?

(ONE)



BLACK within, and red without;
Four corners round about.

(A CHIMNEY.)



FOUR and twenty tailors went to kill a
snail;
The best man amongst them durst not
touch her tail;
She put out her horns, like a little Keyloe cow;
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all just now!



DING, dong, bell! Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in? Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Trout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor Pussy Cat,
Who never did any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn!

THREE wise men
of Gotham
Went to sea in a
bowl;
If the bowl had
been stronger,
My song had been
longer.



AS I was going to
sell my eggs,
I met a man with
bandy legs,
Bandy legs and crooked toes;
I tripped up his heels, and he fell on his nose.

TOMMY TROT, a man of law,
Sold his bed and lay upon straw:
Sold the straw and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

WHEN I was a little boy, I had but little wit,
It is some time ago, and I've no more yet;
Nor ever, ever shall, until that I die,
For the longer I live, the more fool am I.

THERE was a man who had no eyes,
He went abroad to view the skies;
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.

(THE MAN HAD ONE EYE, AND THE TREE TWO APPLES UPON IT.)

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half.
He took him out of the stall,
And put him by the wall,
And that's all.

"ROBERT BARNES,
fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse
of mine?"
"Yes, good sir, that
I can,
As well as any
other man:
Here a nail, and
there a prod,
And now, good sir,
your horse
is shod."



Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a Pie.

When the Pie was opened
The birds began to sing;



Was not that a dainty dish
To set before a King.



The King was
In his counting-house,
Counting out his money;



The Queen was in
the parlor,
Eating bread
and honey;

The Maid was
in the garden
Hanging out
the clothes,

Down came
a blackbird,
And pecked
off her
Nose!



HERE'S sulky Sue,
What shall we do?
Turn her face to the
wall till she
comes to.

LAZY TOM with
jacket blue,
Stole his father's
gouty shoe;
The worst of harm
that we can wish him,
Is that the gouty shoe
may fit him.



A LITTLE pig found a fifty-dollar note,
And purchased a hat, and a very fine coat,
With trousers, and stockings, and shoes,
Cravat, and shirt-collar, and gold-head cane.
Then, proud as could be, he marched up the lane:
Said he, "I shall hear all the news!"

SEE-SAW, sacradown, sacradown,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to Boston town.



BA-A, ba-a, black sheep,
have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir,
three bags full;
One for my master; one for my dame,
And one for the little boy that lives in our lane.



LITTLE MISS MUFFET

LITTLE MISS MUFFET SAT ON A TUFFET,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a black spider,
That sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think,
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
Yet this tiresome old woman could never be quiet.

LITTLE King Boggen he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that
was the wall;
The windows were made
of black puddings
and white,
And slated with pan-
cakes,—you ne'er
saw the like.



BYE, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin,
To wrap the baby bunting in.

RIDE, baby, ride,
 Pretty baby shall ride,
 And have a little
 puppy-dog tied to
 her side,
 And little pussy-cat
 tied to the other,
 And away she shall
 ride, to see her
 grandmother,
 To see her
 grandmother,
 To see her
 grandmother.



LITTLE Sallie Waters, sitting in the sun,
 Crying and weeping for a young man;
 Rise, Sallie, rise,
 Wipe your eyes,
 Fly to the east, fly to the west,
 Fly to the one that you love best.

THE fair maid who, the first of May,
 Goes to the fields at break of day,
 And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree,
 Will ever after handsome be.



MARY, MARY,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow? With silver bells,
And cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.



THERE was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
And he found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

SATURDAY night shall be my whole care,
To powder my locks and curl my hair,
On Sunday morning my love will come in
And marry me then with a pretty gold ring.

A RIDDLE, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes, and never a nose.

(A CINDER-SIFTER.)

PEASE porridge hot,	Some like it hot,
Pease porridge cold,	Some like it cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,	Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.	Nine days old.



HUMPTY-DUMPTY
sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty
had a great fall;
All the king's horses,
and all the
king's men
Cannot put Humpty-
Dumpty
together
again.

(AN EGG.)



WE are all in the
dumps,
For diamonds are
trumps;
The kittens have gone to
St. Pauls;
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.

DINGTY DIDDLEY, my mammy's maid,
She stole oranges, I am afraid:
Some in her pocket, some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges, I do believe.

HINX, MINX,
The old witch winks
The fat begins to fry;
There's nobody at home
But little
Jumping Joan,
Father, mother,
and I.





HUSH-A-BYE, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.



"JACKY, come give me your
fiddle,

If ever you mean to
thrive."

"Nay, I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

"If I should give my fiddle
They'll think that I've
gone mad,

For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have
had."

LEG over leg,
As the dog went to Dover,
When he came to a stile,
Jump he went over.

CHARLEY WAG, Charley Wag,
Ate the pudding, and left the bag!

WHENEVER the moon begins to peep,
Little boys should be asleep;
The great big sun shines all the day,
That little boys can see to play.

THIS is the way the ladies
ride,
Tri, tre, tri, tree!
Tri, tre, tri, tree!
This is the way the ladies
ride,
Tri, tre, tri, tree!
Tri, tre, tri, tree!



This is the way the gentle-
men ride,
Gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentle-
men ride,
Gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers
ride,
Hobbledy-hop!
Hobbledy-hop!
This is the way the farmers
ride,
Hobbledy-hop!
Hobbledy-hop!





POLLY put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
They've all gone away.

